

How They Tagged the Baron

BY SEWELL FORD.

Copyrighted by the Associated Sunday Magazine, Incorporated.

Shorty McCabe Tells of the Austrian Baron's Failure to Win Sadie

Did you shut the hall door? That's right. There's no tellin' what's liable to float in here any time. Say, if they don't quit it'll get to be one of these nervous prostraters, that think themselves sick abed without half tryin'. Sure, I'm just convalescin' from the last shock.

How? Now make a guess. Well, it was this way: I was sittin' right here in the front office, readin' the sportin' dope and takin' me reg'lar mornin' sun-bath, when the door-buzzer goes off, and in drifts about a hundred and ninety pounds of surprise package.

There was a foreign label on it, all right; but I didn't know until later that it read "Made in Austria." He was a beefy sort of gent, with not much neck to speak of, and enough curly black hair to shingle a French poodle. He was well colored, too. Beats the cars, don't it. The good health, that's wasted on some of these foreigners?

But what takes my eye most was his trowsers. Say! he was dressed to the minute, from the pink in his buttonhole, to the mother-of-pearl gloves, and the back of his frock-coat had an in-curve such as your forty-fat sisters dream about. Why, as far as lines went, he had Jimmy Hackett and Robert Mantell on the back shelf. Oh, he was a crusher, sure.

"I have the purpose of findin' Professor McBabby," says he, reading it off a card.

"If you mean McCabe," says I, "I'm discovered."

"Is it that you are also by the name of Shorty?" says he.

"Shorty for short," says I, "and P. C. D. on the end to lengthen it out—Physical Culture Director, that stands for. Now do you want my thumbprint, and a snap-shot of my family-tree?"

That seemed to stun him a little; but he revived after a minute, threw out his chest, lifted his silk lid, and says, solemn as a notary public takin' the oath of office: "I'm Baron Patchouli."

"You look it," says I. "Have a chair."

"I am," says he, gettin' a fresh start. "Baron Patchouli of Hamstadt and Dusseldorf."

"All right," says I, "take the settee. How are all the folks at home?"

But say, there wasn't any use tryin' to jolly him into makin' a short cut of it. He'd got his route of parade all planned out and he meant to stick by it.

"Professor McBabby—" says he. "Don't," says I. "You make me feel like I'd been translated into French and was runnin' a hackline. Call it McCabe—a-b-e, a-b-e."

"One thousand pardons," says he, and tries again. This time he gets it—almost, and I let him spit away. Oh, mamma! but I wish I could say the way he did! It would let me on the Proctor circuit, if I could. But boiled down and skimmed, it was all about how I was a kind of safety-depot vault for everything he had to live for.

"My hopes, my fortune, my happiness, the very breath of my living, it's all with you," says he as a hand-up, hittin' a Caruso bow, arm out, toes in, and his breath comin' hard.

How was that for news from home? I did some swift surmises, and then I says, somethin' like: "Yes, I know, but don't take on about it so. They're all right, just as you handed 'em over; only I asked me friend the 'Sarge' to look 'em up till you called. We'll walk around and see the Sarge right away."

"Ah!" says he, battin' his noble brow, "you do not comprehend. You make to laugh. And me, I come to you from the adorable Sadie."

"Sadie?" says I. "Sadie Sullivan that was?"

I well tellin' you about her, wasn't I?—the girl I used to know when her mother ran a prune dispensary, and that married into the Dipworthy Drowsy Drops family, just in time to connect with mournin' outfit and a bunch of money that would start a Broadway bank. Yes, that one. And you remember how me and Pinckney landed her in the swell push and got her headed up Newport way?

"If you've got credentials from Sadie," says I, "it's all right. Now, what's doin'?" Does she want me to match samples, or show you the sights along the White Label?

"Ah, the adorable Sadie!" says he, rollin' his eyes, and puffin' out his cheeks like he was tryin' the lung-tester. "I drive with her. I walk with her. I sit by her side—one day, two days, a week. Well, what happens? I am charmed, I am fascinated, I am become her slave. I make to resist. I say to myself: 'You! You are of the noble Austrian blood; the second cousin of your mother is a grand duke; you're not forget.' Then again, I see Sadie. Puff! I have no longer pride; but only I luff. It is enough. I ask of her: 'Madam Deepworth, where is the father of you?' She says he is not. Then the uncle of you? She says he is not. Then, 'I'm shy on uncles.' But to who, then, I ask, 'must I declare my honorable passion?' 'Oh,' she says, 'tell it to Shorty McCabe.' Ha! I leap, I bound! I go to M. McKenny. 'Tell me,' I say, 'where is to be found one Shorty McCabe?' And he sends me to you. I am come."

On the level, now, it went like that. Maybe I've left out some of the frills, but that was the groundwork of his remarks.

"Yes," says I, "you're a regular come-on. I guess the adorable Sadie has handed you a josh. See 'equal to it.'"

But that got him. He just stood there, teeterin' up and down on his patent leathers, and grinnin' like a monkey.

"I say," says I, "she's run you on a sidin', dropped you down a coal-hole. Do you get wise?"

Did he? Not so you would notice it. He goes on grinnin' and teeterin', like he was on exhibition in a museum and I was the audience. Then he gets a view of himself in the glass over the safe there, and begins to pat down his astrakhan thatch, and punch up his puffie tie, and dust off his collar. Ever see one of these peroxid cloak models do a march past the show windows on her day off? Well, I see Baron had all those motions and a few of his own. He was ornamental, all right, and it wasn't any news to him, either.

About then, though, I begins to wonder if I hadn't been a little too sure about Sadie. There's no tellin' when it comes to women, you know; and when it hit me that perhaps, after all, she'd made up her mind to tag this one from Austria, I could have fried an egg on me anywhere.

"Look here, Patchouli," says I. "Is this straight about you and Sadie? Are you the winner?"

"Ah, the adorable Sadie!" says he, comin' back to earth and slappin' his solar plexus with one hand.

"We've covered that ground," says I. "What I want to know is, does she cotton to you?"

"Cot-ton? Cot-ton?" says he, humpin' his eyebrows like a French ballad singer.

"Are you the fromage?" says I. "Is she as stuck on you as you are on yourself? Have you made good?"

He must have got a glimmer from that; for he rolls his eyes some more, breathes once like an airbrake bein' cut out, and says: "Our luff is like twin stars in the sky—each for the other shades."

"It's as bad as all that, is it?" says I. "Well, all I've got to say is that I'd never thought of it; Sadie; and if she sent you down here on approval, you can tell her I'm satisfied, if she is."

I figured that would jar him some, but it didn't. He looked as pleased as though I'd told him he was the ripest berry in the box, and before I knew what was comin' he had the long-lost-brother tackle on me, and was almost weepin' on my neck, splutterin' joy in seven different kinds of language. Just then Swiftly Joe bobs his head in through the gym door, springs that gorilla grin of his and ducks back.

"Break away!" says I. "I don't want to spoil the looks of anything that Sadie's picked out to frame, but this thing has gone about far enough. If you're glad, and she's glad, then I ain't got any kick comin'. Only don't rub it in."

Say, it was like talkin' to a deaf man, sayin' things to the Baron.

"She is mine, yes," says he. "I have your permission, Professor McBabby?"

"Sure," says I. "If she'll have you, take her and welcome."

Now you'd thought that would have satisfied him, wouldn't you? But he acted like he'd got a half-arm joint on the wind. He backed off and cooled down as if I'd chucked a pail of water over him.

"Well," says I, "you don't want it in writin', do you? I'm just out of permit blanks, and me secretary's laid up with a bad case of McGrawitis. If I was you I'd skip back and keep my eye on Sadie. She might change her mind."

The Baron thought he'd seen a red flag, though. He put in a wordy period that lasted while you could count fifty. Then he forks out his trouble. "It is not possible that I have misheard," he says. "I am learn that Madam Deepworth is—what you call—one heiness? No?"

See? I'd been sort of lookin' for that; and there it was, as plain as a real estate map of Gates of Paradise, Long Island. Me bein' so free and easy with tellin' him to help himself had thrown up a horrible suspicion to him. Was it true that Sadie's roll was real money, the kind you could spend at the store? And say, long's it was up to me to write her prospectus, I thought I might as well make it a good one.

"Do you see that movin' van out there?" says I.

The Baron saw it.

"And have you been introduced to these?" I says, flashin' a big, wrist-size wad of tens and fives.

Oh, he was acquainted, all right.

"Well," says I, "Sadie's got enough of these put away to fill two carts like that."

Fetch him! Why, his fingers almost burnt a hole through his gloves.

"Ah-h-h!" says he, and takes a little time out to picture himself dippin' into the family pocketbook.

Course, it wasn't any of my funeral, but when I think of a sure-enough live one, like Sadie, that I'd always supposed had a head like a billiard table, gettin' dinky about any such overture?

Course, I think of a sure-enough live one, like Sadie, that I'd always supposed had a head like a billiard table, gettin' dinky about any such overture?

Like one of those blue quater on me. Worst of it was, I'd held the stepladder for her to climb up where such things grow.

I was gettin' raver to the touch every minute, and was tryin' to make up my mind whether to give the Baron a

quick run down the stairs, or go off and leave him to dislocate his neck tryin' to see the small of his back in the mirror, when in comes Pinckney, with that little sparkle in his eyes that I've come to know means any kind of sport you're a mind to make.

"Hello!" says he, givin' the Baron a hand. "You found him, eh? Hello, Shorty. Got it all fixed, have you?"

"Say," says I, pullin' Pinckney over by the window, "did you put this up on me?"

He said he didn't, honest.

"Then take your fat friend by the hand," says I, "and lead him off where things ain't liable to happen to him."

"Why, what's up, Shorty?" says he.

"We was goin' south at a pretty lively gait, for us. The Nancy wasn't so overly swift, but of Shadrach was a master sailor, an' he could push that boat along about as fast as the next one, an' when it come to dodgin' there wasn't anybody could beat him. Dodgin' was always his long suit. Well, as I was sayin', we was makin' for the Horn as spry as we could, when, one day, a big bunch of canvas come into sight behind us. An' it was comin' some. It wasn't long until we could see it was a brig, an' it carried a Union Jack. Captain Jim wasn't feelin' so sociable, and he put on all sail to get out of the big fellow's way; but she was faster than we was, an' pretty soon she fired a gun an' commenced makin' signals. The skipper was mad as a wet hen. He didn't want to have any conversation just then, and he wouldn't even take the glass to look at the signals. If they'd a-had an hour or two more time they'd have overhauled us right there, I guess, but it came dark pretty soon, an' then the captain made up his mind to get away from 'em before mornin'."

"It so happened that just then we was off the western entrance to the Magellans, an' as soon as the big ship was hid by the darkness the skipper headed straight for that hole in the wall. When daylight come we was in sight of the entrance, an' the brig wasn't to be seen. Still of Shadrach knew they'd be on our track before long, so without hesitin' a bit he stuck the Nancy's nose into the channel an' started through. All day long we sailed an' at night we hove to, for you've got to have daylight in that strip of water. It ain't safe for even a steamer to run through there in the dark. Next mornin' we went on to the strip of water, I think we'd given the brig the shake for sure, when along about six bells in the mornin' watch we sighted her turnin' a corner about twenty knots in our wake."

"Then there was somethin' doin' on the Nancy. Also some cusswords from the skipper. An' the brig was shakin' out flags and shootin' off guns like she was celebratin' the Fourth of July. They certainly wanted us bad. We twisted around a bend an' lost sight of



Beggin' her to fly with him and be his'n.

CHASE THROUGH STRAITS

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

This little trip of Bob Evans' fleet down one side and up the other is goin' to learn us Americans a lot of geographin', if it don't do anything else," said the passenger from Kankakee, after the party in the smoking compartment had settled all the technical and tactical questions involved in the great voyage.

"Now I always had an idea," went on the man—may-call-it, down there in Brazil, was about the size of Peoria, Ill., and about two centuries behind Jefferson City, Mo. Now, by jinks, I find out that she's got a million of 'em. I don't stand back over at Chicago, when it comes to bein' up to date."

"Yes, and I always supposed you could flit through the Straits of Magellan in a rowboat in half a day," said the red-headed man, in the corner. "That's the way it looks on the map. But I've just learned that the passage is 400 miles long. Just think of it! Almost as far as from Pittsburg to St. Louis. Why, if anybody had told me that six months ago I wouldn't have believed it. Now, I'll swallow anythin'."

"There's a heap of things in this world that people who stay at home don't know anythin' about," remarked a grizzled old chap, who had taken no part in the previous conversation. "A man can learn from books, but it's mighty hard to get things in the right proportion until he sees 'em with his own eyes. Now, there hasn't been anythin' surprisin' to me about this trip everybody's talkin' so much about, for I've been over the line myself. I went through that blue corkscrew channel once, went through it lickity-split, without stoppin' anywhere for receptions; an' there was times when I thought we'd never get to the other end of it alive, unless we got out and walked."

"Why were you in such a hurry?" inquired the red-headed man in the corner, just to draw the grizzled old fellow.

"Well," said the old fellow, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and refilled, "we had to be. There was an other ship a-chasin us, an' they seemed

to want to catch us pretty bad. You see, we was knockin' aroun' them waters in a little 300-ton schooner, pickin' up a cargo wherever we could an' takin' it wherever it was wanted an' no questions asked. Jim Shadrach was the skipper, and the boat was his own. When it was at home at Gloucester it was known as the Nancy Bell, but every once in a while when it was below the line Jim would give it a new name. Just at that time he called it the Prato, which means 'pretty soon.' We slipped into a little port down below Valparaiso one night and took on a lot of barrels of stuff which we was to carry round to the other side an' land somewhere in the Argentine. It was supposed to be sugar, but it wasn't. I never did really know what it was, for Captain Jim wasn't in the habit of talkin' out loud. But that didn't make any difference to the crew. We was mostly young fellows—that was a long time ago, you understand—and we wasn't interested in details of that kind so long as there was plenty of grub an' excitement."

"After we got loaded the fellow who was shippin' the sugar came aboard with a man who looked like he had one foot in the grave, and made arrangements with Captain Jim to take the sick man around to Buenos, said he had just time to get there, and he had private reasons for not wantin' to travel on the regular lines. Captain Jim didn't want to be bothered with a sick passenger, or any kind of a passenger, for that matter, when he was on a ticklish expedition, but somehow the fellow persuaded him, and we struck out for the Horn, with this stranger, who was called Hardy, in the cabin."

"You know, sailin' vessels, as a rule, don't go through the Magellans. It's a long ways around the Horn, and it's a nasty trip in the best weather; but, at that, it's safer than the straits, for there's all kinds of cross currents in the channel, and in some places it's so narrow a sailin' vessel has a hard time to maneuver. Then the winds that come through that channel is somethin' fierce. Still, you can go through there with sails. Of Magellan himself, you remember, didn't have any steam with him."

"We was goin' south at a pretty lively gait, for us. The Nancy wasn't so overly swift, but of Shadrach was a master sailor, an' he could push that boat along about as fast as the next one, an' when it come to dodgin' there wasn't anybody could beat him. Dodgin' was always his long suit. Well, as I was sayin', we was makin' for the Horn as spry as we could, when, one day, a big bunch of canvas come into sight behind us. An' it was comin' some. It wasn't long until we could see it was a brig, an' it carried a Union Jack. Captain Jim wasn't feelin' so sociable, and he put on all sail to get out of the big fellow's way; but she was faster than we was, an' pretty soon she fired a gun an' commenced makin' signals. The skipper was mad as a wet hen. He didn't want to have any conversation just then, and he wouldn't even take the glass to look at the signals. If they'd a-had an hour or two more time they'd have overhauled us right there, I guess, but it came dark pretty soon, an' then the captain made up his mind to get away from 'em before mornin'."

"It so happened that just then we was off the western entrance to the Magellans, an' as soon as the big ship was hid by the darkness the skipper headed straight for that hole in the wall. When daylight come we was in sight of the entrance, an' the brig wasn't to be seen. Still of Shadrach knew they'd be on our track before long, so without hesitin' a bit he stuck the Nancy's nose into the channel an' started through. All day long we sailed an' at night we hove to, for you've got to have daylight in that strip of water. It ain't safe for even a steamer to run through there in the dark. Next mornin' we went on to the strip of water, I think we'd given the brig the shake for sure, when along about six bells in the mornin' watch we sighted her turnin' a corner about twenty knots in our wake."

"Then there was somethin' doin' on the Nancy. Also some cusswords from the skipper. An' the brig was shakin' out flags and shootin' off guns like she was celebratin' the Fourth of July. They certainly wanted us bad. We twisted around a bend an' lost sight of

her, but before we could reach another turn she was on the same stretch as we. It was a desperate chance, but he took it. An' it wasn't so desperate, either, as we thought it was, for he knew what he was about an' we didn't. There's all kinds of inlets and bays in the Magellans, and Shadrach knew all of 'em like a book. In the dark that night he swung into a little pocket on the north side an' came to anchor. It wasn't much bigger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but he caught on sight of the main channel, an' there we stayed for three whole days."

"We thought he'd slip out, take the back track, and double the horn, as he'd intended to do first. But, no, he wouldn't. He'd come through the worst part of the channel already, an', by jinks, he was goin' the rest of the way, or so to the bottom. An' that's what we did. No, didn't go to the bottom. We sneaked out of that hole and made for the east side, just feelin' our way, expectin' every minute to run in a that brig or the rocks. But we didn't see anythin' of her. We slipped past the channel, and the next day we rounded Cape Virgin and sailed out into the Atlantic. Still no brig. Captain Jim was mightily pleased with himself then, you bet."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

I had my cue this trip, all right. I couldn't see just why it was, but the Baron had been passed up to me. He was mine for keeps. I could hang him out for a sign, or wire a pan to him, and he was as innocent as the Baron. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Has he made up his mind that he wants my wad, too?" says I to Pinckney.

"No," says he. "The Baron has discovered that up where Sadie is staying the law requires a prospective bridegroom to equip himself with a marriage license. He thinks he'll get one in town and take it back with him. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

"Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up, from a visitor's card at a second-rate downtown club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and give me the wink as he slides out. Now, as you know all about such things, Shorty, and as I have an appointment at twelve-thirty, I'll leave the Baron with you. So long, and he gives me the wink as he slides out."

Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems that the Baron was a ringer in the set where Sadie and Pinckney had been doin' the week-end house party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until